

4/70

13<sup>th</sup>

meaning

# *13th Meaning*

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## **EDITOR'S NOTE**

Basically, literature is the capturing of a moment. This moment may be a brief one which had a poignant effect on the writer at the time of its occurrence. Technically, this might be seen in the form of a sketch done in prose or in a short lyric. A moment of more intense, complicated human involvement might result in a narrative poem or a short story or possibly an essay. Literature is simply viewing a time, a happening, and people. Literature is life being projected onto a screen which, for our purpose, is called the page.

The contributors and myself hope that you like our volume. Perhaps there is a 13th meaning for you in some work contained here. Any suggestions or further submissions should be given to Dr. Paul Edmunds (room 103). This is my last year as editor. I wish to thank all of the contributors for time they have devoted to writing for our magazine. I also wish to thank my husband, Bernard Steinmetz, who has designed our new cover with the slant of contemporary design. Anyone who is interested in learning about the technical angle of editing and laying out the magazine, should contact Dr. Edmunds.

*Deborah Steinmetz '70*



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# Sweet Coffee Song

"... so few in reality are the necessities of man."

— N. Kazantzakis

dance to the bright bobbing  
rhythm swelling around children throbbing to the  
psychedelic banging in the land  
of the big beat's blaring band  
but

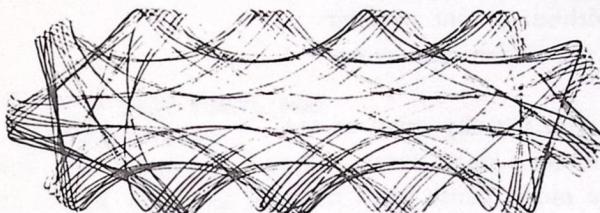
softly      sweet coffee  
                  sings  
                  inside me

children search for alladin's  
lamp to rub for a gift of answers which can't  
be hard, must be loud 'cuz loud is easy  
easy like a ford or chevy  
trying to overtake a rolls  
which wraps up poodles in fur lined clothes

church is love  
to brandish gold and polish  
anything that's old and pray  
for anyone that's cold  
on sunday mornings

i rise early  
trot down to the pantry early  
and bernie brews  
the best sweet coffee  
She sits down and sips with me  
while god rolls over  
in his brass bed and others are nursing tender heads  
we're down in the pantry  
sipping  
sweet coffee

John Seagrave '70



## **I Have Screamed My Dream**

William Earls '72

# WOODSTOCK

August, and the armies came forth,  
A half million strong; they came,  
From the east, from the west,  
From everywhere. No battle was  
Fought where they met. They were  
Armies of Love, armies in love:  
In love with life, with music,  
With peace, with love

Three  
Days, and they withdrew: back  
Whence they came. Hungry, tired;  
Cold, yet warm; happy, yet sad;  
Many without a cent to their  
Names, yet richer than most.

August, and the sky cried to see  
The Love on a dairy farm, and to  
Hear the music come forth from  
Its heart, and the hearts of a  
Generation.

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

## New England, October

Summer went chameleon,  
Shimmered out of green on green,  
To reds,  
                            yellows, oranges.  
Flame went up on a thousand hills,  
And New England was a rolling, colored sea.  
And the wind came,  
                            and the death came.  
Dying embers fell to crackling ashes;  
Gaunt, brown skeletons veined a cold, cerulean sky.

William Earls '72

you'd think that we'd discover  
as we bury one another  
in sanctified earth and mud  
that it's all one

and that dew forms  
on the prison bars and runs down  
steel prison bars  
as the dawn breaks  
and as the dawn breaks  
dew forms on white marble  
on cold stone slabs  
marking sanctified earth and  
mud and the sun  
each morning evaporates  
the dew  
it's all one

John Seagrave '70

## *The Sounds of Love*

*Waves breaking on a quiet beach, two  
Sets of feet splashing through  
The tidal pools, and happy laughter:  
These are the sounds of young love.*

*Crickets chirping on a cool summer  
Night, two sets of feet moving through  
Dew covered grass, the words, "I love you:"  
These are the sounds of growing love.*

*An organ playing majestic music,  
Nine sets of feet moving proudly in  
A church, tender vows, "I do:"  
These are the sounds of mature love.*

*A quick slap, a baby's first cries,  
One set of feet pacing nervously,  
A nurse saying, "Well, it's a boy:"  
These are the sounds of the greatest love.*

*An organ playing very soft music,  
Six sets of feet moving sadly up the aisle,  
A woman's stifled sobs of pain:  
These are the sounds of the ultimate love.*      Alfred J. LaFleche '72

Blessed be God.  
Blessed be Adam.  
Blessed be Eve.  
Blessed by all of mankind who  
Plunder and pillage and rape and war.  
Blessed by the Caesars, the Hitlers,  
The Mao's, the Ho Chi Minh's, the Mussolini's.  
Who are these People? Surely these are not men.  
These are monster's.  
Not men. Created by God?  
No! Created by man.  
Demons full of avarice, pride,  
Devils who take but do not give.  
Man's devils.  
The blood of the newborn  
Drips from his sabers  
And from his bayonets.  
The wife, filled with hate,  
Clutches the flag that laid  
Across the box as it was  
Lowered into the breast of Mother.  
Let he who has not sinned, cast the first bomb.

Sarah Swirinowicz '71

*Hmm.*

**Intricacies unresolved.**

Images passionately blurred through a kaleidoscope

Unfulfilled desires and half-feared hopes

A scared ant on the arm of a lofty chair

A merry-go-round and who won the series

Damn the democrats

*How do you feel*

*Too bad.*

**Accelerate and forget the complexities**

Tomorrow

Beat the Russians

Go to Mars, Venus, or Jupiter

Speed up the merry-go-round

Damn the republicans

*How do you feel*

*Too bad.*

**Ramifications unrelenting**

A harshly muted synesthesia

Bitter dreams and stale wishes

Russians unbeatened and who won the series

Oil the merry-go-round

Damn the world

*How do you feel*

*Too bad.*

Richard Rogers '72

# The Train

And so, once again, the train  
rolls north —  
early —  
as the sun breaks the dull butter clouds,  
and tramples the linen fields  
in iron smoke.

*(Jack buried his sister  
yesterday  
she's joined him at last  
among flowered waterways)*

poisoned  
by twisted beginnings  
poured forth  
into  
down freshness  
I used to drink from.  
gone now  
and dead at last.  
happy?  
no. not me.  
they.

carried away  
by mahogoney beaches  
not yet  
discovered by the gore swept  
pipes  
which drowned all before  
them,  
leaving a happy  
full stomached stench  
behind where I can no longer walk without falling.

*(and Jack died before it happened)*

And the stars shown down  
before the train went by for  
the first time  
(many years before Jack died)  
along the bleeding streets.

*(And only Jack who died  
a year ago looking through  
my window without his mind  
knew whether the train had already passed.)*

## *Cotton Candy or Giant Mushrooms*

*Under the shadow of cotton candy in the pearl-lined purse  
Of that limitless expanse, in the world of dust and bloated air,  
On the green-blue physiognomy of that precocious lithosphere  
Called earth – through those snow-dressed peaks and sweating  
Jungles, throughout pounding, swarming cities  
To nomadic deserts, there are three billion people;  
Each one is in his innermost heart praying for peace, and  
Crying for love, yet maintaining the grim humourless facade  
Of war, a visage of hatred, a constant, pejorative scene  
Of violence – so like a naughty child pouting in a corner.  
Shall love or giant mushrooms rule our world?*

Richard Rogers, '72

## **THE ROCK**

My grandfather used to sit in  
A big red rocking chair, an ashtray  
With a statuette of a fisherman  
By his side. He always had a bit of  
The sea in his blood. When I was  
Young, he would dress as Santa Claus  
On Christmas Eve; I could never  
Understand how come he was never there  
When St. Nick would appear. I  
Know why now: he loved me. My grandfather  
Died three years ago. I wish I'd  
Have known him better before that big  
Red chair stopped rocking.

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

# Fogbound Carrier

William Earls '72

## *To My Husband*

### I

innocent, baby-soft, cuddling the pillow as a child,  
you sleep.

five more minutes — then i'll wake you.

five minutes til the stretching, purring, the good  
morning kiss and parting for the day.

your little boy grin smiled at me and your eyes sparkle  
with some mischevious thought —

tickling me makes me smile my little girl smile.

you wrap your arms about me —

a hug, a squeeze, and then my feet don't touch the ground.  
parting is the saddest time of the day —

### II

puppies raining,  
(kittens, too)

softness wettened —

thoughts of you:

laying quietly —

the man you are —

real and dream.

purechild resting in this bed —

father? brother?

husband wed.

a king? a tyrant? —

a ruler—just,

a coward—punisher

when he must, a man who cuddles

who hugs me close —

he brings my dawn

and strengthens hope.

*Deborah Steinmetz '70*

MIDDLE AGED PORNOGRAPHY COLLECTOR

seeing through the smoke-filled  
room only breasts  
tightly harnessed under  
multi colored sweaters  
faces never matter  
what matters is the mouth  
taut in sensuous smile some  
white sharp teeth  
closed eyes  
imagined sighs  
breath welcome home

warm day in the park  
tight white shorts covering lace  
saturated with perspiration

say, when he looks  
at one does he see all does  
he love and hate them all  
when he sees just one

oh you buxom macrocosim

dark in the fog  
filled streets, my dear, after  
a late night shopping spree  
do you hear footsteps  
following?

does your mind go back to  
jack the ripper fantasies do  
you hurry between streetlights

and when you're late in bed awake  
to the noises of the house  
that you've ignored all day long?

do you always close your curtains  
draw your shades to save you  
from the anxious eyes  
panting in the shadows

half shaved with dirty shorts  
and clean white collars

you, the virgin spoiled by eyes  
take a bath and are renewed  
we can only pull up our pants

and go home

John Seagrove '70

## *The Room of the Teddy Bear*

His mother cries when she cleans  
It; his father rarely enters. A poster  
Of Dylan, with multicolored hair,  
Hangs by the door. The bed is always  
Clean and unruffled. The picture  
Of a young woman sits on the dresser.  
Unread books fill a shelf by the  
Bed. For twenty summers he happily  
Had watched the fireflies in the  
Warm night; for twenty winters also,  
He had watched the snow from the  
Same window. His mother has sadly  
Placed his first Teddy bear on  
His bed. The tiny stuffed animal of the past  
Seems to have sadness in his one  
Button - eye. Can it be that this old friend  
Realizes, too, that his owner  
Will never be back? Could he know  
What the priest said? That  
This only child was killed in  
Some steaming jungle; It is  
Too sad even for a brave little Teddy bear.

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

## SONG

I'll listen to your troubles  
try to ease your sorrow  
will you do the same for me  
if i feel bad tomorrow

i get tight  
you stay out all night  
you come home  
hoping that i'm alone

we used to talk  
i'd tell you bout my day  
relate little difficulties  
that got in my way

you used to talk  
about your housewife chores  
gossip about the neighborhood whores  
things the kids did

now that's over

it's not enough  
small talk  
just a waste of time  
it's for the birds  
for years  
you haven't listened to a word  
that i've been saying  
habitual games  
we've been playing  
a new game now  
did i hear you saying

it doesn't matter anymore

*John Seagrave '70*

## *Summer's Gone*

Wheels turning  
Blistered face  
Vanished race . . .  
Found a place  
In the sun.

Tidal wake  
Salt and Weed  
Cold in deed  
For seed's goal —  
Growth; not salt.

Graduation's  
Imitation  
Retards this  
Pal of illusion  
Grasping for more.

I dug my trench  
So wide in naming  
To conquer and create,  
There's no room inside  
When formless faces  
Flash back to search  
My make - believe.

The rain's shadows  
Will laugh at this splashed  
Remembrance  
Of twisted frames  
And endless names.

To be . . .  
To transform . . .  
To transcend . . .  
I learned to be myself.

Summer's trance  
Of ebb and flow  
Will again regenerate  
This blistered face.

*Stephen Alfield '70*

# You

*I want you.*

Tell me not of the rising sun or the mellowing moon  
Show me not of the blossoming flowers in polychromatic array  
Nay, none of your scented letters doused in perfume

*I want you.*

Show me no names carved on the gnarled oak tree  
Give me no pictures signed with love-crazed words  
Nay, none of your love-tokens so well caressed

Alone we'll break our burdened backs  
And each will suffer and succumb.  
Old men sit in dusty chimney corners awaiting death  
Old women brood on lonely hearths biding time  
Shall we fade away with the setting sun  
Or together shall we face the coming day?

*Richard Rogers '72*

## Autumn Vagaries

*It was late September, and love  
Came to us: frightened at first,  
Hesitating, just peeking around  
Corners, from behind trees, and  
Barely touching us, like a kiss  
On the cheek.*

*Then October, and  
Nature exploded into a spectrum;  
Rainbows were born in the trees,  
Burning so brilliantly that the  
Rivers themselves seemed aflame.  
And amidst all this color, love  
Burst into fullest being for us.*

*Alfred J. LaFleche '72*

# The Unwanted Rose

I am just relaxing on this quiet afternoon. It is a peaceful Sunday afternoon as I pleasantly reminisce over a volume of illustrated fairytales. All of a sudden the silence is shattered by the screech of brakes in my driveway and I see two corpulent bodies heaving their way towards my door.

"Oh no," I mutter and think of the cataclysm of garrulity that gushes through Rose's pasty lips. Quite resigned to fate, I open the door and manage a forced smile welcoming them into my haven. I usher them into the living room, first Rose and then Harry. Poor Harry, I thought, all he does is sit and look dumb — besides look at his wife. His wife and I are mortal enemies. Somehow, somehow I must rid myself of these frivolous creatures.

Talk talk talk spatters from Rose. She is, of course, only interested in my wife so that she might replenish her almost endless supply of gossip.

"And where is your wife?" Rose interrupts herself for a moment.

"She went out," I stated rather abstractedly.

"But your car is in the garage," Rose purrs, her eyes coming closer together.

"My wife has gone for a walk," I say helpfully. Rose starts, her forehead is a sea of wrinkles; Rose stares at me but is too polite to remind me that my wife is half crippled. Well, she thinks that I am a little odd, so what.

After another spurt of chatter Rose returns to the subject of my wife. "How is your wife feeling?" she asks.

"Just fine," I answer and devilishly add, "hot and toasty," giving Rose a toothy grin.

Rose looks at me questioningly; what does he mean, she thinks, hot and toasty? He is nuts. "When do you expect your wife to return?" she queries. I could tell the words hot and toasty were deeply imprinted on her shallow brain.

"Sometime, sometime," I reply studying the contour of our ceiling. I could almost see her thinking, something is wrong and see her panting, hot on the chase.

There is the distinct odor of burning flesh coming from the old kitchen stove. This smell spreads slowly through the room. Rose immediately perks

up sniffing the air like a bloodhound. "Something is burning," she announces profoundly.

"It's nothing," I reply.

But as the scent grows stronger, the buxom woman bounces out of her chair. I gently place my hand on her shoulder restraining her elephantine body. "My dear Rose," I exclaim, "please do not bother yourself about anything."

Rose, a little flustered, drops back into the chair which creaks in agony. Rose tries to change the subject her brow troubled, "What book are you reading?"

I smile indulgently and hold out the book of fairy tales. Rose appears a little shaken, as I flit through the illustrated pages. "And this," I conclude, "is one of my favorite fairy tales." I turn to Hanzel and Gretel. "Look at this beautiful picture!" I exclaim. Rose shudders. "Aren't those pretty little hands as they push the crippled old witch into the hot oven?" I demand.

Dull, befuddled Harry who has been sitting morosely in his chair speaks up with sudden life. "I bet she got toasted right and proper," he remarks with relish.

"We really must be going," Rose says abruptly.

"But I have just begun," I protest temptingly showing her a picture of the witch burning. Rose lunges out of the living room but is momentarily stopped by the sight of the old-fashioned time-worn oven. I hurriedly follow her. Noting her appalled stare I generously remark, "This spacious oven has so many uses." Through the long narrow grates drifts the odor of burning meat.

"You know," I observe, "this oven is almost large enough to cook a . . ." I stop speaking — Rose's painted cheeks have turned ashen. On her trembling lips she grotesquely forms the word 'wife'. By this time the lumbering Harry is in the kitchen. Rose pushes him towards the outside door. As they begin to depart, I stop Rose with these words, "Are you sure you don't want to stay for dinner?" I chuckle. "We are serving something unusual." With a shriek Rose ran to the car tugging the dumfounded Harry along. For the first time I am enjoying Rose's visit. I must wake up my wife and tell her about the ham. I peek at the ham through the faithful oven door. I decide to let my wife sleep and take out the charred ham. I lean back in my reclining chair and begin to muse over my fairy tales.

Richard Rogers '72

*my hand is cold and trembling.*  
*somehow i have betrayed you.*  
*this hand so warm when you are*  
*near to keep it warm*  
*is anxious now.*  
*this hand, if it could speak, would say:*  
*hold me.*  
*make me need you til*  
*there is no other*  
*who could take your place*  
*caress, reassurance —*  
*let no other*  
*exterior or interior interest enter.*  
*i struggle. i need your strength.*  
*bear me thru this trial.*

Deborah Steinmetz '70

a man needs a garden to cry in  
a place that is fragrant with lying  
when night closes in  
there's no way out for him

we build walls  
inside ourselves    limits  
    in our minds  
which govern what we are  
    dictates all the treasures  
    we may find

we all need places to cry in  
gardens free from spying eyes  
when safety is small  
when dark covers all

John Seagrave '70

# You and I

As I  
look in your eyes,

As I  
feel your warm embrace  
I know from what  
I see  
I feel

You are love:

warm,  
pure,  
true,

Love that no one but you  
feels for me  
and  
receives from me;

Love that only  
you and I  
share  
now and until eternity.

Open and unfearful  
we grow together,  
learn together,  
but especially  
love together.

From us-we-the center of this love-  
radiates  
a love  
to others, but only because  
we love -  
you and I.

Sallie Beaumont '72

# Song for Jim

golden silver halos  
of saints elude me  
    in my search for meaning  
    only street neon finds its way  
into my fields of vision

    wandered with a boy whose  
gut was filled with love  
    and whose mind was filled with  
acid that no kind of rolaid can ease

    the pain of      broken dreams  
to escape from      at the crude  
yet tender age      of seventeen

    i sing of myself    to him how  
    while looking for a wall containing  
a door to reality    that could be  
    blown open to reveal a tangible  
golden path to freedom running  
scared i ran with you  
did the things we learned to do

    you would laugh at me today  
    if you could remember how to laugh  
he sought a door inside himself    we  
who went the same route    parted ways  
we'll keep in touch old water brother  
    never wander from each other

    i still look for you in the early  
mornings      sometime

(song for jim who'd understand  
    if he had not taken a fatal overdose  
    of heroin)

John Seagrave '70

*Hear the whispering voice  
Calling through the night.  
So soft and gentle  
Like a velvet-petaled rose  
In early spring.  
Then, through the early  
Morning dew,  
Footsteps make their way  
To my door.  
Awakening with a start,  
I wait.  
You stop, then continue in.  
And once again  
Side by side  
A new love begins  
As the rising sun  
Makes its way into the sky.  
A love that knows  
No such limit is born.  
And so you see,  
I understand  
And wait in longing  
For that special morning.*

Patricia A. Hoeg, '73

#### WITHOUT I CORINTHIANS 13

If all you wanted from me was love  
We would not have  
known barricades  
exceeding those we had  
Before  
we shared our souls  
But you were like the others  
So was I  
Too concerned with Self  
Dreams  
and the world  
According to Me.

Cynthia A. Sharron '73

## A Meditation

An excuse to live . . .

A reason to exist

For Life means death, and death, life.

Why should not man follow the lead of the salmon

And go to rest when his job is done?

Man must take up his dreams

And make them real,

Or cheat the rest of the world

By living.

Richard Rogers '72

Don't speak of Hell.

I know the place.

I have been there.

Lead merrily along an escapade.

Through the dismal chambers

Hearing the screams of half muffled voices

Cut off sharply by a horror unknown

Floating past colored doors

Where laughter turns miserably to sobs.

Yes, I have been there.

I have taken the hand

Of He who directs, but will not follow

Into the caverns of the blackest night—

Rooms of distorted faces laughing,

Endlessly laughing.

I was too terrified to cry.

Sarah Swirinowicz '71

# Brigham

He had never seen another child. Brigham was a true flower child, for at the age of five, he was the youngest member of a group of "drop-outs from society." He never missed the companionship of other children, though, because he had never experienced it. His life was filled with happiness and the love of his "parents," because all the adults gave him special attention and care and no one was ever too busy to romp with Brigham.

Nancy was his true mother, though, and it was evident to everyone that he could not belong to all of them, for when Brigham was hurt and in need of comfort, or tired, and in need of repose, his natural instincts drew him to Nancy and she answered his needs.

The commune was situated in up-state New York, near one of the many secluded little hamlets found in that region. The red earth lay rich and fertile, and acres of rolling countryside displayed fields of corn and herds of grazing cows. The air always felt fresh and sweet, the stigma of air pollution not having spread that far north yet. The villages impersonated miniature old Dutch and German towns, each house with its slanting rooftop and wide front door. The people worked hard, and played even harder and kept the two separated from each other. Conscientious and independent people, they minded their own business, but lent a helping hand whenever it was deemed necessary.

The commune was located in the forest, about seven miles above Gabriel, the hamlet in the valley. The villages and the forest-dwellers had little to do with each other. The people in the commune rarely went into the valley except to stock up on certain supplies that they were unable to make or produce themselves. When they did visit, though, the villagers were friendly and courteous to them, having accepted the idea of people living in such a unique environment.

Amazingly enough, Brigham had never seen the "civilized" world since he was less than a year old, and being so young, he remembered nothing and therefore, he missed nothing. He knew

nothing about cars or televisions or telephones. He had never held a toy pistol nor had he ever wanted to. Baby aspirins and cough medicine had never touched his lips, and his arms had never felt the sting of a tetanus shot. He did not know the first thing about the proper procedure for crossing a street at five o'clock in the afternoon, nor was he possessed of a fear of speaking to strangers. He had never seen a small animal or bird crushed dead in the middle of paved roads. Some would call Brigham a very ignorant little boy.

Yet he could identify every kind of tree and flower that grew in the woods. There wasn't a bird or animal alive with whom he couldn't make friends. He learned how to swim by the time that he was three and had taught himself to read the books available to him at the age of four. Never had he suffered from a cold. He respected his mother and the other adults in the commune and understood that he would have to do his share in the work. Brigham never awoke screaming from a nightmare because in his world there were no monsters. His universe revolved around nature and the commune where he made his home.

The commune was a small village in itself. Surrounding the altar in the center were a dozen small dwellings made from straw and wood. In a clearing approximately thirty yards from the altar, there blazed a huge campfire. The work of the commune was done around this fire. These twenty people raised and cooked all their own food; they made their tools and clothing and built their dwellings by hand. They rose with the sun, beginning work immediately and not stopping until late afternoon. They then assembled around the fire-lit altar and sang or talked or just meditated. And Brigham was among them always. Of course he played far more than he worked, but he still carried a share of the responsibility. After sitting for a while after dusk, he would eventually begin to nod and one of the men would carry Brigham into his hut where Nancy would put him to bed. And so Brigham lived and loved and was happy and content.

Then one sunny Spring afternoon, Brigham was playing in a tree out of sight of the camp. The others in the commune were busy planting the spring crop and were far from Brigham's tree site. The foliage was at its thickest and he was unable to see anything

through the branches; only by looking down could he see the ground some distance away.

After playing by himself for a while, he heard voices coming closer and closer. He distinguished the sound of a man's low, rumbling voice and a woman's mellow tones. However, there was a third voice, a high, lilting one; a child's voice. The little girl to whom it belonged was laughing excitedly.

Brigham had never been close to other children, and therefore he was very curious as to what they were like. But strain his neck as he might, he could not catch a glimpse of these newcomers at all. The leaves and branches formed too heavy a screen for a five-year-old boy. But there was no real need for him to become frustrated because the little girl unknowingly and innocently obliged Brigham by running over and sitting down underneath the very branch that he was perched upon. And Brigham received the first real shock of his life.

The little girl had short black hair and big, brown eyes just like Brigham's. But she was very, very different from Brigham in another way and so Brigham did nothing but stare.

Presently, the little girl rose and ran off to her mother and father and they continued their hike. When their voices became swallowed by the dense woods, Brigham climbed down and ran all the way back to the dwellings. It was near sundown and Nancy and the others had already returned from the fields.

Everyone sat down to eat; everyone that is, but Brigham. He just stood and stared at his mother and all of his other friends. They were each different and unique in their own special way, and yet in one respect they were all exactly alike, including Brigham; and it was in this one way that they were all so different from that little girl.

He sat down with the others and was handed his dinner and a wooden mug filled with milk. By accident he spilled a drop of the milk on his arm. The little girl re-entered his mind for the milk reminded him of her. That was the color of her skin. Pure white.

He looked up at the others sitting there; all the people whom he loved.

Brigham wiped the milk from his arm.

*Setta Heroian '73*

## The Stream

sliding  
on slippery rocks  
does not affect the world  
    too much  
    yet it wanders  
    on and on  
    splashing  
    falling  
    living  
    dying  
    flowing nowhere  
    everywhere  
accepting the will  
    of anything  
    obstructing  
    on the surface  
but always relentless  
    underneath  
and nothing can really  
    hold it  
    or confine it  
    for too long  
    except who  
    that where it  
    started  
gives it pale blood

*William Percious '73*

# Sixties Are Shot

happy go nothing freedom  
for half a decade  
seven short years of fulfillment  
of coming  
of age

all our guns still smoking  
millions are dead  
our dead  
defunct  
rotting carcasses adding to  
the pollution of the nitrogen  
fixation cycle

the universe, god's hotrod,  
has four flat tires and no spare  
jesus, came with metric wrenches  
couldn't repair anything  
repaired to the garage  
for the proper tools

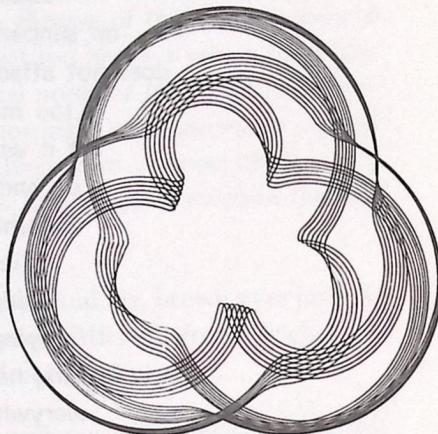
anyway  
time to tow it away  
start off new

america

junk yards nothing new to you  
caught the flue  
died in a maternity ward  
self-induced abortion

trees are beautiful  
think of all the toothpicks in one  
redwood                    think of all  
the profit in plastic m16s        one  
in every kid's closet  
65 junior closes his toy closet  
door forever and burns down his  
room                    you should have  
known all that tv would warp us  
brought up by batman  
permanently in love with lucy  
gidget                    i love you

67    years of poets  
          years of progress  
could not stall the age of aquarius



innocent year before election  
innocents march to washington  
ask mailer, whoever he is

man rides a carousel  
forever failing to grasp golden rings  
decade of atomic kids  
who traded davey crockett for

timmy leary                    coonskins  
for all the rainbow colors  
cops test everyone's tongue  
    for the proper ph  
mostly                        illegally

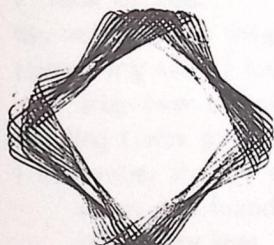
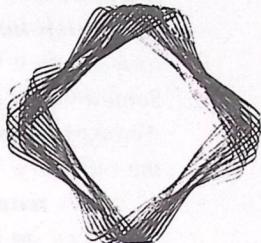
the birthrate soars  
girl scouts move back to cities  
all those boy scouts left  
    to beat off among the evergreens

69    man reached to the moon  
discovered a windless sahara  
worthy only of growing rocks  
unworthy of water

me

took me from twelve to twenty two  
from boy to man as it were  
inside i still bear scars  
crucified dead jesus  
    seven times  
resurrected only twice

took me, along with millions,  
to chicago



dropped me off at funerals  
picked me up on street corners  
taught me fear of burning cities  
    burning buddhists  
    burning draft cards  
civil rights act  
clipping old eagles wings  
we all got to fly  
    or nobody flys  
decade taught me to sing  
when all i knew was laugh or cry  
taught me to govern my shouting  
universe, again  
nameless mass of protoplasm  
throbs in its own death spasm  
a cannibal thing  
    eating itself  
tragic  
but unimportant from here

John Seagrave '70

## Last Before New Life

*It was 1965  
when I left home  
to seek . . .*

*Something in New York City  
Among the other millions  
the old story*

*reiterated*

*Seventeen on Eighteen*

*I found a friend in Figaro's  
a legend I became a part of  
Growing, exploring, knowing new  
people and life styles  
First cigarette, first joint, first man  
Wild, freedom chained  
blowing insane*

*a link from Bohemia to Beats to Hippies  
from Ferlingetti to Ginsberg to Dylan  
Belonging . . .*

*Found a place of non-rejection  
all rejects, fanatics, crazy, outcasts  
harboured in the Figaro incubator  
until we could face*

*Whatever*

*we had run away from  
or To  
And there I knew  
what it's all about  
to be Old  
at Nineteen.*

Cynthia A. Sharron '73

# Now Peace

*Man steps forth into the heavens,  
Onto the Moon. For a moment, all are  
As one. Pride fills all. Tears flow.*

*The three Ring-bearers return: heroes  
To the race, and it sighs relief, joy.  
They say, "And now, peace for all!" But  
The world still groans with war.*

Alfred J. LaFleche '72

## THOUGHTS

As I sit and watch the smoke curl upward  
Making strange tiny smoke rings that swirl and burst  
    as the wicked breeze ruins my creation,  
I think of you.  
My mind recalls the morning I watched you sleep.  
Hiding my tears I journeyed to the beach to watch the sun  
    arise over the white peaked waters.  
Finding I was gone, you searched for me.  
I remember the joy that was in your tear-streamed face  
    when you found me gazing at the tide as it lapped  
        its hungry jaws around my ankles.  
You had thought I'd left, gone forever as was the arrangement  
    at the beginning of our love.  
How foolish you were then to think it had been my arrangement.  
As I burn the last race of you from my mind,  
My heart mutters, "But, I loved him".

Sarah Swirinowicz '71

# Lost Love

*My love forgot that I have lived  
Your love for me has never been  
Once I thought we would be one  
But, now for me my life is done  
When I look into your eyes  
I can see your love has died  
And with this death your love for me  
My life on earth can no longer be.*

*A man alone, forsaken by all  
Can still exist if love still calls.  
But if this voice should also cease  
The man alone becomes a beast.*

A. S. Martin '70

*Schools crowded  
Shrouded years  
Of Afterthought  
Brought cinders  
Kindled with books;  
Looks of teachers  
Preaching not to waste.  
Now I face  
Embers of a mind.*

Stephen Alfield '70

# SAM'S SERMON

*(comprehension of the scene is necessary)*

we have time for one more child  
a baby to live in again  
to teeth and burp and change  
diapers for to teach baseball  
and the pledge allegiance

we have time to make another  
child of god

but what about money  
do we have enough to afford one

we have cash for one more child  
a baby to grow for us again  
to feed and wean and buy  
capguns for to teach football  
and the 23<sup>rd</sup> psalm

. . . and teach the world that MALTHUS  
was a BOOGY MAN clown who scares only  
the WICKED IGNORANT MASSES . . .

*John Seagrave '70*

# Rebirth

I climbed a tree  
on a hill  
And me and the tree  
together cast  
Blue shadows on the snow;  
Watched children sliding  
on another hill

laughing

as children laugh  
And knew  
That He  
had cleansed  
the years  
of lost innocence  
That He  
had given me  
Life Again

Down from the tree  
across the hill  
I stopped  
And loved Him  
Breathed  
And thanked Him

Looking up  
I saw  
pointing strong and skyward  
on the other hill  
A trinity of evergreens.

Cynthia A. Sharron '73

## Silent Night

The Salvation Army Santa Claus stands on the corner clanging his bell and handing out leaflets to any shopper generous enough to throw a nickel into his cup. The street lights are adorned with artificial trees and store windows are lit up with Christmas decorations which shout the season's greetings. Men, women, and children alike push and shove, their arms loaded with packages containing Motorific Monsters and Barbie dolls. There is a traffic cop shouting orders at pedestrians and swearing at cars which speed by too close for comfort. Grim looks of determination canvas the Christian's faces as they proceed to finish their shopping duties while the Jews listen on in mute joy at the ring of their cash registers. On the fourth floor of the city's largest department store sits a scrawny, undernourished Santa whose "Ho Ho" comes out more like a sick giggle. And everyone has the same complaint - "Isn't it a sin the way they're commercializing Christmas?" Who "they" is, no one seems quite sure.

Margurite Savela goes to the bank with her four grown sons and their landlady who lives downstairs because the Savelas are newly arrived from Puerto Rico and have little understanding of English. The teller looks them over before the landlady begins translating. The teller takes her time, stops to file her fingernails, pops a piece of gum into her mouth, swaps a bit of gossip with the teller next to her and finishes the five minute job with the Savelas in a record-breaking thirty minutes. On departing, Mrs. Savela gives her a big smile and a "Merry Christmas" in broken English. As they turn away, the teller turns to her friend and remarks, "Talk about Spicks, Ugh!" Mrs. Savela hears the words but is blessed in her ignorance of their meaning.

Two "hippies" stand in the doorway of a men's clothing store. They have been there for over an hour just watching the people going by. One of the salesmen or perhaps the manager of the store steps out and asks them, "Are you waiting for a bus?"

"No sir," comes the answer.

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"Nothing."

"Then get the hell out of here. Go scare \_\_\_\_ 's (competitor) customers away. We don't need freaks decorating our sidewalk!" And as he turned to walk away, a disgusted "Jesus Christ" came from his lips.

The two boys watched his retreat into the store, and then one asked his friend, "Did you hear those last two words?"

"Yes, but I doubt if he did," and they slowly walked away.

An old woman walks slowly, laden down with a huge shopping bag filled with gifts. She wears her Chesterfield coat almost down to her ankles and wisps of white peek out from under an outrageous fur hat. Younger people rush by her, racing to meet their deadlines. But, smiling, she doesn't hurry, she doesn't race. It seems as if her long past sped by in a flash; she doesn't want her short future to do the same.

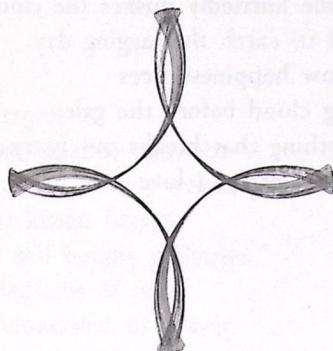
In the window display there are all sorts of marvelous and wonderful animated elves and reindeer working in Santa's workshop. They are made from fluffy stuff and velvet and silver and it seems that out of nowhere the pretty tinsel angels are singing "Noel." There is another little angel standing outside the window, staring. She is about three feet tall, with long, slinky blonde hair and all dressed in blue and white. To her, the display is a wonderland and for a moment she is caught in it. But only for a moment.

"Come on Leona! Mommy still has a lot of places to go." And a tired voice and firm grasp rudely tear a child from her dreams only to enter a frozen world. On the ground a crippled beggar sits, torn and ratty, selling his pencils for whatever he gets. His face holds not cheer nor exasperation, neither is there anger or happiness. His expression is that of stony resignation; the worst of all things that can happen to a man have happened to him; things may not get better, but on the other hand, they can not become worse.

All over the city, horns are honking, bells are jangling, lights flash on and off in rhythm to the tune of "Jingle Bells" which is blaring from the loudspeaker in front of city hall. Cops whistle

and tired voices complain. Children cry and drunkards laugh.  
And everywhere there is a silence — if we really try — we can  
hear it.

Setta Heroian '73



## Alienated Lovers Song

Subways are unnecessary  
in the confines of this city  
Taxis serve the transportation needs

Wealthy bums all stagger sideways  
stop at bars that line the highways  
Scotch and Soda softness on the tongue

Factories with smoke-stacks rising  
blinking lights and buildings climbing  
laughing couples walking arm-in-arm

I'm alone and cold in neon  
winking frosty warnings to me  
you know this place, it's safe to walk alone.

Late at night I leave the city  
crying girls will pray for pity  
but tomorrow they won't know I've gone

John Seagrave '70

# Mary

There is a beginning and there is an end  
And for some the beginning is the end.

One night

Strange how time hurriedly pushes the clock's arms  
As if night had to catch the lagging day.

Stranger still how happiness flees

Like a scudding cloud before the gale.

You have something that breaks our petty pace  
And Mary . . . . Mary, I love you.

# Fifty Years

(to a lost Mary)

*A hoary seer etched in the troubled sky  
His feet weak but firmly planted on  
The dark and lonely top of a solitary hill  
His eyes searching the inscrutable clouds  
His gaunt but kindly face wreathed with  
A silver fleece of old and dying age  
His stiff crippled hands painfully reaching out  
His whole body uncontrollably shuddering  
And the wordless cry pierces the silence  
Why?  
It hollowly echoes      Why?  
A wrenching cry of despair . . . then nothing  
The wind sighs but the heavens are still.*

Richard Rogers '72

# Girl Is Gone

Girl is gone.  
Set down the kiss,  
Hang up the laugh,  
Let the spiders of regret  
    spin their silken, opaque cobwebs in the cathedrals of  
        my memory.  
And now my breast-kissed fingers  
    tap their hard and hungry callouses  
        on the kettledrums of hope  
            and the windowpanes of prayer  
In a tuneless, toneless dirge  
For the corpse that was my love  
    and the body that was mine  
In the instant of our love  
And the summertime of happy.  
Gone: the white and tipped with pink  
    soft beneath my kisses  
        pulsing through my fingers  
Falling, like a broken haystack  
Across the mirror of my eyes  
Reflections of her face, her body  
(Oh, the body that was mine!)  
And now I hurt all over  
    for the eternity of gone  
        is just an instant older  
And still  
    girl is gone

William Earls '72

# Heritage

your father drank himself to death  
my mother often cried  
when i would sneak in late at night  
without an alibi

well-he's dead-i don't know why  
was my usual reply  
but lately, thinking about my mom  
i know why father died

## FAT FATHER

when attacked by wolves all 'round him  
did draw a shiny double-edged  
dagger            lunged and parried  
all through life

broke canine fang with tempered steel

Alas, he lost his footing  
in slippery slush  
fell on his own blade

Thus, my SIRE died  
CARVING HIMSELF, with his own knife  
to serve a feast for his enemies

mother taught me bible stories  
morality and truth    dad took me  
to the dentist once when i fell  
and broke a tooth  
mom would talk about good things  
that'd happen on judgement day  
fridays dad would come home tight  
the day that he got paid

man, he never beat on mom  
he never called her swears  
but, he never complimented her  
on the way she fixed her hair

i have a lot of nice memories  
to look back upon

isn't it strange the way most of us  
don't know what's going on

*John Seagrave '70*



